

## There's a storm coming by r0nj4

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** 5+1 Things, Getting Together, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Romance, Sadness

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-12

**Updated:** 2017-12-12

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 05:21:17

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,998

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Five times Billy Hargrove cries, and one time he doesn't.

## **There's a storm coming**

### **Author's Note:**

First time I'm posting in this fandom! I really wanted to write Harringrove and this is what happened. I really hope that you like it.

The first time Steve sees Billy cry, he doesn't know what to do. There's a shortcut from the High School to the Middle School and Steve had promised to hike over there during lunch to check out some project that Dustin had been going on about for days. He doesn't get that far. Instead he finds Billy hunched under the bleachers, smoking on a cigarette, his head hanging low. He snuffles, and angrily wipes at his eyes.

Steve doesn't know what to do. That has become kind of a theme in his life recently, anyway. He debates stealthily sneaking past, doing his best ninja impression. But then Billy is looking up, and Steve's heart stops. Because he knows he shouldn't have seen this. Billy stays silent. Steve stays silent. They're just standing there staring each other and Steve feels like an idiot. Part of him wants to say something, anything, but nothing comes out. Steve doesn't really care about Billy Hargrove. Only when Billy fucks with his friends, and according to Max he's been weirdly friendly for the past month; offering her spare change for the arcade, letting her hang out with Lucas, not attempting to run over anymore kids with his car.

Now Billy is smirking, "Enjoying yourself, Harrington?"

Steve feels a chill through his spine. He's not scared of Billy, not really. Apprehensive, maybe. But not scared.

"Sorry," he stutters and rushes out of there.

The second time Steve sees Billy cry, he's drunk. Nancy dragged him with her to a party, and he doesn't want to be there, but reasoned that if he has enough beers at a quick enough pace he might actually sleep through the night for once. Billy is there too, holding court by the keg. They haven't really spoken since the night at the Byers', if you don't include the incident under the bleachers. Billy only charged harder at him during practice after that, but he didn't actually say anything. Steve still has bruises over his hip after an especially hard tackle.

Now Billy is smiling and laughing and pouring beer down his throat, but Steve can see something resembling a cut next to his eyebrow. It doesn't strike him as odd. After all, it's Billy Hargrove. The night passes in a blur and ends with Steve perched alone on the deck, pleasantly numb. He's huddled in his coat and has forgotten how many drinks he's had. He hears it this time.

"Fucking asshole, shit!"

Someone is kicking on a bucket and Steve hears the sound of a sob muffled in the crook of an elbow. Billy Hargrove comes out of the shadows, blood dripping from the freshly split cut. The sleeve of his denim jacket gets dark as he wipes his eyes. His shirt is unbuttoned far enough that Steve can make out a dusting of hair on his belly. He doesn't understand how Billy isn't freezing to death. And then he looks up. Steve has trouble focusing his eyes in the darkness. Or maybe that's a consequence of the tequila he stole from Jonathan, he's not entirely sure.

"Ohhh," Steve says. "Shit."

Billy has a hand on his hip, sniffing, his chin raised, "You following me around Harrington?"

Steve clicks his tongue, and holds his arms out in an attempted shrug.

"I mean, not intentionally."

Billy shakes his head and looks like he wants to laugh but also kind of like he's going to start crying again.

“You okay, man?” Steve asks and maybe it comes out a bit less enunciated than he would have wanted it to.

“Mind your own shit,” Billy bites out.

Steve’s only reply is a poorly timed hiccup. He sighs as he struggles up from the deck and walks over to Billy. He’s still got his hand on his hip, looking defiant as always and Steve isn’t scared, *he’s not*.

“What do you want?” Billy asks, nostrils flaring.

He always seems so tense, Steve thinks. Maybe that’s what happens when you walk around angry all the time. Steve can kind of relate to that, but maybe his thing is more fear than anything else. Billy Hargrove doesn’t seem like someone who’s ever been scared in his whole life.

“You’re bleeding,” he whispers and pulls the sleeve of his coat down over his palm.

Billy seems to be holding his breath. When Steve raises his arm to wipe away the blood, Billy strikes it down.

“But you’re *bleeding*.”

Billy sniffs and his shoulders slump, “It’s just a scratch.”

“You shouldn’t leave it bleeding, might attract the demo-,” Steve catches himself and stops right in the middle of the sentence. And besides. There are now more demodogs anyway, right? Because Eleven closed the gate. Right.

“What the fuck are you talking about Harrington?”

Steve shrugs, “Just stand still.”

There is a moment when he gets close, and Billy’s breath stutters, and Steve thinks for a second that it feels like a storm’s coming. He wipes away the blood with the cuff of his sleeve, his hand falling down on Billy’s shoulder and, for some reason, he *squeezes*. For a moment it feels as if Billy is relaxing into his touch, but surely he’s only imagining that.

“There you go,” Steve says, and he can’t look into Billy’s eyes. He snatches his hand back fast and runs back into the house.

He falls asleep in Jonathan’s car on the drive home and dreams of Billy getting eaten by demodogs, waking up with a start. *There’s a storm coming.*

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The third time Steve sees Billy cry, he’s in a car full of kids. Steve had offered to drive Lucas, Max and Dustin home from the arcade, and he’s pretty sure he’s about to go deaf. They’re arguing about some rule in Dungeons and Dragons and Steve has no idea what they’re talking about. Someone is pulling on his hair, there’s a finger poking his rib, and Max is in the front seat turning the volume on the radio up to full blast. The Clash is playing. He hates The Clash.

“Do you ever just shut up?” he asks no one in particular.

“Dustin literally never does,” Lucas pipes up from the backseat.

“What the hell!”

“Damn, this song is so good,” Max shouts.

Steve feels a headache slowly rolling in. And yet, he is so ridiculously *fond* of these kids. He turns into Max’s driveway and by the time his engine’s off, the door to the house bursts open. Billy’s nose is bleeding and he’s far away, but Steve can still see the tears in the corners of his eyes.

“What the fuck,” Dustin says from the backseat.

Max has gone very still next to Steve. Billy is walking in circles, clenching his fists. He looks like he’s about to punch someone. Although, there’s not really anyone to punch. He keeps clenching fists, breathing loudly, sniffing.

“Billy’s crying,” Lucas says.

“No shit,” Dustin adds.

“He keeps doing that,” Max says.

*I know, right?* Steve nearly adds but he’s not really supposed to know that so instead he stays quiet.

“What do you think’s wrong?” Lucas asks, sounding oddly worried about a guy who’d nearly punched his face in.

“It’s Neil.”

Steve looks over at Max, biting at a cuticle. She looks frightened.

“Who’s Neil?”

“Billy’s dad. They shout at each other sometimes, but I didn’t- I didn’t know it was this bad.”

Steve sees the tears threatening to fall from Max’s eyes and he feels a sudden urge to get the hell out of there, take these precious kids and drive them far away. Far away from demodogs and mind flayers and this fucked up piece of shit town. And that’s when Billy looks up. He doesn’t even look angry this time. Only exhausted. Max opens the door and runs out of the car and stops right in front of Billy. Steve can’t make out what she’s saying, but Billy keeps looking straight at him, tears still rolling down his cheeks. There’s a sudden pain in Steve’s chest. Like someone’s tugging at his heart.

“Steve. We should go,” Dustin smacks him over his head.

He drives away and doesn’t look back.

\*

The fourth time Steve sees Billy cry, he’s sweating. They have just

finished practice and Steve had stayed behind to talk to coach about the upcoming game. When he gets to the locker room, most of the other guys have already cleared out. Billy is standing with a towel wrapped around his hips, a few drops of water trickling from his hair down his back. Steve isn't sure why he finds that mesmerizing. His shoes squeak as he walks in. Billy turns around and looks at him but doesn't say anything. Steve gets ready to hit the showers, takes off his tank, his shoes, his shorts. Billy is back in his tight jeans and a shirt. It's a new one. It's in a teal color and Steve hasn't seen it before. Billy sits down to tie his boots and Steve's not sure why he's lingering. He's got a towel draped over his arm and should be walking towards the showers but there's a disconcerting frown between Billy's eyes that makes him stay behind. When Billy fails to undo the knot left in his laces from before he grumbles.

"Piece of shit!"

Billy throws the boot across the locker room and Steve stands, frozen. Billy's breathing faster and rests his face in his palms.

"Leave, Harrington."

His face is purpled, marked by the fist of his father. Steve was never very good at comforting people. And maybe he shouldn't want to - it's Billy Hargrove after all. But there's a sniffing sound coming from the usually so tough guy across from Steve, and all of a sudden it breaks his heart. Because no one should be treated like Billy Hargrove has been treated, Steve knows that much.

"Max told me about your dad," he says.

Billy chuckles, "Of course she did."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't feel fucking sorry for me, amigo."

Billy looks up and his eyes are red and Steve shrugs, "I can't help it."

"Well, that's not my problem is it, pretty boy?"

Steve puts his towel down and walks across the room to pick up the

discarded boot. He sits down across from Billy and starts untying the knot. It's tricky, but not enough to warrant getting thrown across a locker room.

"I don't need your help," Billy says.

"Whatever."

"Fucking Steve Harrington. Gets his face smashed and still rushes to help. Jesus," Billy says running a hand through his hair.

The laces are and untied he holds the boot out across the room. When Billy grasps it their hands touch for a second. *Storm's coming.* Suddenly Steve is very much aware that he's sitting in front of Billy Hargrove dressed only in his boxers. He feels his face get warm. And that's not supposed to happen, not because of a guy. But then again, what's that compared to fighting a demodog with a spiked bat? Inconsequential, really.

"Happy now, Harrington?"

"You can always crash on my couch if you want to, if it get's too much. My folks are away a lot, they wouldn't give a shit," Steve says.

And he can't fully grasp how he came to be sitting here, offering a place of refuge to the guy who could've killed him.

"Fuck off."

"Do whatever you want," Steve shrugs. "Just thought it might help."

He stays in the shower for longer than normal after that, just breathing. Before going home he puts a note in Hargrove's locker, his address quickly scribbled down next to a poorly thought out message. *Don't cream your pants, - SH.*



The fifth time Steve sees Billy cry, he's kind of expecting it. There was a knock on his door that woke him up close to 2 AM. He'd been passed out, for once, and opened the door still heavy with sleep. Billy stands, a bottle of whiskey in his hand, sporting a black eye. A new addition to his already pretty wrecked face. Steve feels muddled, but let's him in. They don't say anything until Billy is perched on the couch in the living room.

"I always fuck shit up," he says and takes a swig from the bottle.

He's smiling, and Steve finds it disturbing. Billy is swaying and laughing.

"Steeeeeve Harrington, my hero."

He pries the bottle from Billy's fingers and places it on the table.

"Pretty boy, don't you have something better to do? Kids to entertain? Chicks to bang?" he's slurring.

"Not tonight," Steve says and picks up the good blanket from the armchair.

"Room's spinning," Billy says around a hiccup.

"It does that sometimes," Steve says and Billy laughs again.

"You're real cute when you're angry Harrington. But maybe that's 'cause you're cute all the time."

Steve feels very stupid when that makes a heavy feeling settle in his stomach.

"Lie down," he orders.

"Mhmm," Billy hums. "Love it when you boss me 'round, Harrington."

He lies down on the couch and Steve drapes the blanket over him. Billy's eyes close instantly, and the black eye makes Steve's heart break all over again.

“Night,” Steve whispers, but Billy’s already asleep.

Steve wakes up a second time that night to the sound of heavy sobs. He finds Billy where he left him on the couch, crying in his sleep. Steve has never seen him look so soft before, and that makes him sad. He rests his hand on Billy’s shoulder and shakes.

“Billy, it’s just a dream.”

He snuffles in his sleep, burrows into the pillow and mutters, “Don’t”

“Please wake up, it’s not real,” Steve says.

Billy wakes with a start and a gasp. His first instinct seems to be to push Steve away.

“It’s alright, Billy. You’re safe,” Steve says and suddenly his hand is resting where Billy’s jaw meets neck. His skin is soft. Billy’s eyes are enormous and his breathing is still much faster than it ought to be, and Steve desperately wants to make him feel better.

“No one is going to hurt you,” he says and urges Billy to lay back down.

He doesn’t say anything back, only looks sheepish and complies with the request.

Steve ends up sitting with him until he’s fallen back asleep. If their hands tangle together at one point no one needs to know.

Steve wakes up to a knee pressing in his back and a strong arm resting around his torso. It’s dark outside and he doesn’t know when he fell asleep. He pulls Billy’s arm tighter around him and presses his face further into the pillow.

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Next time he wakes up, the light is shining in and illuminating the

room. He doesn't want to open his eyes. But then he remembers. Billy had been upset. And then they'd fallen asleep next to each other. He blinks his eyes open, and the first thing he sees is a mop of hair. And, *oh*. Steve's draped himself over Billy Hargrove's chest and is currently breathing into his neck. That's a first. He chances a glance up. Billy is awake. He's just lying there, staring at the ceiling. Steve ponders if he should move, but Billy makes a surprisingly soft pillow to rest on. Steve has to suppress a flinch when he notices fingers trailing over his back. The touch is barely there at first, hardly noticeable. He's not sure if anything before has felt so nice. Steve hums, wishing for it to continue. But Billy stiffens beneath him, most likely surprised to find Steve awake. The hand disappears and Steve mourns the loss.

"Hrmpf," he mutters. "Don't stop."

He can feel Billy's heart beating somewhere directly beneath his left shoulder. Fast and erratic. Billy is holding his breath. Steve thinks that the storm is not closing in anymore, it's here. He's standing in the middle of it and he's got nowhere to run. For once, he's not afraid.

"Was nice," he murmurs into Billy's hair.

Billy relaxes, and Steve feels a nose nuzzling his forehead. He reaches his arm across Billy's chest and rests his hand there, stroking small circles with his thumb over Billy's shoulder.

"So soft."

He accidentally lets it slip, and feels his face getting warm. Billy must find him stupid now, soppy and ridiculous. Steve hears Billy snort a laugh. It makes a bubbling sensation spread in his chest. Finally Billy's hand returns to his back. It's tentative, nervous.

"Damn, you're a heavy sleeper, Harrington. Couldn't move an inch."

And Steve can hear what he's doing. How he's trying to deflect, trying to sound at ease with whatever *this* is. Not that Steve's sure what he's doing anymore, himself. Anyway, it's the first time Steve has heard Billy Hargrove sounding apprehensive. *He's scared*. Somehow, that makes Steve feels brave. He nudges closer, pressing a

feather light kiss to Billy's jaw.

"I'm not going anywhere. It's comfortable here," he whispers.

All of the air seems to escape Billy's lungs at once. Steve feels a tremor running through him.

"Don't fuck with me, Harrington."

And his voice is sounding strained, just as it did that time in the backyard when Steve was drunk and Billy was bleeding. Uncertain.

"I'm not fucking with you," Steve says.

Steve is pretty sure that there's a dick pressing into his hip, but somehow that feels secondary when Billy is trailing touches over his shoulder blades.

"You better not be," Billy breathes and then their noses are bumping together and they're kissing. It's slow and sweet and completely *new*. It makes Steve tingle all over.

There are a thousand things they should talk about. The night at the Byers' house. The fact that Steve gets so scared sometimes that he can't think. *Neil*. But the thoughts all fade away as Steve opens his mouth for Billy, feels the soft touch of his tongue, hears the sound of a whimper. He thinks they're gonna be alright, in the end.

### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading! Don't hesitate to shout at me about whatever you want in comments.  
Also you can find me [here](#) on tumblr.